

# Master, Mold Us

Isaiah 64:8

**Refrain:** Master, mold us day to day,  
that we born of creation's clay  
might in your image come to be  
a part of your divinity,  
take part in your divinity.

Beyond the boundaries of our thoughts  
where power of reason cannot reach,  
the Masters hands are holding us,  
molding us through pains and joys  
to temper, test and teach.  
Across the wasteland of illusions  
that appear to us as truths,  
the Master closes, opens doors,  
takes away and then restores  
directions we might choose. **Refrain**

And through the hardships that we face  
and challenges that make us rearrange,  
breaking off the excess parts  
that cloud our minds and block our hearts  
He causes us to change.  
Till slowly a new image born  
of labor long and suffering gives birth  
to what we really are to be,  
his agents of divinity,  
his messengers on earth. **Refrain**